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# Orion

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## ORION

What Orion asks of the night  
is a well  
of purple flags and shallows.  
There they drink,  
his serene gazelles,  
step into the pool  
and swim  
from the hemisphere.

His son has buried himself  
by the creek bed.  
Buried his heart  
by the lilac.  
And Orion  
can be endlessly alone.

## TREES

Say it again about the honor  
of our silent trunks  
and the leaves that collect by the pool  
and are unshared tears.  
Speak to us for we are with you,  
and have had time to hear  
the same thing never too often.

You are motionless in our name  
and our name has caught you  
and made you stand still,  
as the name of ground gives rest,  
as the name of lie has built a city.

By naming the bird, you fly,  
but when we fly we burn.  
Do not be afraid. Your tiny words  
have brushed at us forever.